THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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The Family Jewel.

BY J. CLEMENT.

Radiant little household treasure,
Magnet of the ingle side!
Not a star in night's broad cluster
Shines with softer, purer lustre,
Fondest parents's hope and pride!

Words, though passion-lit, and burning,
Might not breathe the joy they feel
That their lives, in one united,
By thy smiles are daily lighted,
Love connubial's golden seal.

Pure as in thy primal setting
In thy parents' love enshrined,
Be thou long their spotless treasure,
Source of hope and sacred pleasure,
Pearl of truth, thy grace refined.

Then shall He, the great Refiner,
When, ere long, his eye shall roam
Through the earth for "jewels," beaming
Fresh in light from glory streaming,
Snatch thee to his bosom home.

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

The town of G——, on the Ohio river, was originally settled by French emigrants, principally royalists, many of whom preserve, to this day, their national character, customs and prejudices. Among these was one family of rank, distinguished for refinement and intelligence, who having emigrated on the first lowering of the storm which convulsed all Europe, were enabled to bring with them a considerable portion of their once princely fortune. This family consisted of old Jean Dulaire, formerly an officer at the court of the unfortunate Louis, and still a faithful and fiery hearted royalist; his daughter, an only child, gay, charming, pretty and petite, with Julie for her name; his nephew, Jaques Le Brun, a scholar and a gentleman, tall enough for a grenadier, but with an amount of modesty which would overstock a school-girl.

Now it happened, very naturally, in the course of human events, that Jaques loved his bewitching cousin; but, "faint heart never won" a fine and coquettish French girl; and so, one fine summer morning, with a cold smile on his lip, and agony in his heart, poor Jaques saw his soul's dearest treasure bestowed by her father, fate and the priest, on a gay, handsome and adventurous young Frenchman, once attached in an honorable capacity, to the house of Orleans.

I suppose I may as well inform my readers that it is full fifty years since this marriage, which took place when Julie was about seventeen, and this makes her rather an "old girl" in eighteen hundred and forty eight, for she is living yet.

The young husband, Pierre Loraine, who had been about two years in America, was poor but enterprising, and had already entered upon an extensive trading business, on the *Ohio and Mississippi* rivers. After his marriage, he remained with his wife, at the house of her father, until the autumn, when his business called him to Louisville. He parted from his friends with a cheerful smile on his fine manly face—tenderly unwinding the small white arms of poor Julie, who clung weeping about his neck to the last, agonized with those dark presentiments which ever haunt the heart of a loving woman.

Months had passed by, bringing most affectionate, though from the want of direct communication, very unfrequent letters from the absent Loraine. It was now the dead of winter, and his return was looked for daily and anxiously.

One bright, frosty morning, Julie was standing at the window of the common parlor, looking toward the river, with fixed and dreamy eyes, the heart within her hourly becoming heavy, and sick with hope deferred."—Against the wainscot at her side, leaned the pale and devoted Jaques—cherishing still for his fair cousin a holy and unalterable affection—a love as pure and unseen as a crystal hid in the bosom of a rock.

Suddenly the eyes of both were attracted to a party of men, coming up from the bank of the river, led by old Jean Dulaire. As they drew near the house, Julie was struck by the manner of her father, and the expression of his face. He walked deferentially, yet proudly; he seemed both happy and sorrowful, and in his eye shone the light of a sentiment, with him, a gentleman of the old *régime*, true as religion, and ardent as love—*loyalty*.

The strangers were dressed as travelers, at that inclement season of the year, should be dressed—with comfortable plainness, even roughness. Two of them were evidently but common boatmen, but the three in advance, who were young and handsome, though strong and hardy-looking, had about them that nameless grace, that air of superiority, of refinement, of *Je ne sais quoi*, which always, and in all situations, distinguishes *gentlemen*, the truly noble, wherever they are found.

Julie and Jaques were hardly surprised when they were presented to three of the princely members of the royal family of France—the Duc d'Orleans, Duc de Montpensier and the Count de Beaujolais.

After breakfasting with their friends, these brave and adventurous young princes related enough of their recent history to account for their present situation and undertaking. After many months traveling through various parts of the United States, they had heard, while resting for a time in New York, of the new law, expelling all the Bourbon family from France, and that their noble mother had been deported to Spain. Their object was to join her; but owing to the then existing war between England and Spain, this object was not easily attained. To avoid French cruisers upon the coast, they determined to repair to New Orleans, and from thence to Havana, whence they thought to take ship for Europe. They crossed the Allegheny mountains to Pittsburgh, in December. At that place, they purchased a keel-boat, hired two persons to aid them in their navigation, and *thus* descended the Ohio.

They found that the immense quantities of ice almost obstructed their passage—they had been in some danger from it, had once or twice had been obliged to land, and lay up for some days, awaiting a thaw.

But these heroic young men talked freely and gaily of their hard-ships and misfortunes—thus showing that their originally fine natures had not been spoiled by aristocratic habits and luxurious living.

As the day of their arrival was extremely cold, the travelers remained with the emigrant family; but the following being milder, they took leave at an early hour. The eldest brother, the Duc d' Orleans, his majesty, the present King of France, as he bent to kiss the fair hand of Julie, kindly expressed his regrets at not having met her husband, who had formerly been his secretary.

The excitement of this interesting visit having passed, the wifely anxiety of Julie returned. Alas, how long was it destined to weigh upon her breast with mortal heaviness—to slowly draw strength and joy and hope, like blood-drops from her heart!

Weeks, months went by, and brought neither husband nor letter; no tidings, no word of any kind reached the half-frantic woman, or her anxious friends. Diligent inquiries were finally made at every town on the river where the missing man had been in the habit of trading, but in vain—and Pierre Loraine was at last mourned as one dead. Then, how desolation spread through that once happy home—its joy changed to sadness, and its light became dimmed. The once glad step of Julie grew languid—her bright eye tearful—she was missed from the dance—the chords of her harp were untouched—the voice of her singing was hushed, and her once loved flowers withered and died in the shadow of her neglect.

It was a beautful evidence of Julie's own loyalty of nature that she never for one hour believed herself *deserted* by her husband.—She believed that he had died by the hand of some foe, or perished from hardship, or fallen a victim to his own reckless daring, on some hunting expedition, when, as was his wont, he had gone out alone.

The gentle mourner was finally roused from the deep stupor of her grief by the severe and protracted illness of her father. It was again winter, when the old man, who had long been failing, but whose habits were those of cheerful and constant activity, resigned himself like a subdued child, to the stern dominion of disease. Julie, who, in her strangely darkened youth, had been longing with an intense and bitter yearning for the grave-rest, rebuked her selfish sorrow, and pressing her cross to her lips and heart, prayed for strength to fulfil that holiest of woman's missions—ministering to the wants and sufferings of age.

Thus in affectionate attendance on her invalid father, she passed the dreary autumn and winter months, till the warm pulses of spring began to play through the chilled bosom of earth, and the blue skies once again smiled down on the coming flowers. Oh, that our worn hearts might ever leap with the renovated heart of nature; that our griefs might depart with her storms, and our smiles return with her sunshine; that our complaining voices might never make discord in the song of her rejoicing, and that the tears of our mortality might never blind us to the infinite glory with which God hath crowned her.

Julie Loraine was daily becoming more reconciled to her sad, peculiar lot. She was religious and industrious, a good daughter and friend, and though widowed in heart and life, could no longer remain a wretched woman. Her father seemed to revive somewhat as the spring advanced—but it was still evident that his race was nearly run.—One day as he was walking his room, leaning on the arm of his nephew, Jaques Le Brun, he dwelt freely on the event of his death, which at best he believed could not be far distant. Seeing that Jaques appeared to be much affected, he said tenderly—

"You should not grieve for me, my son. I am old, and bowed toward the grave with many sorrows. I have been faithful to my king and country, true to the Holy Mother Church, and I do not fear death—its repose would be grateful to me, and I should even be impatient for it, were it not that I must leave the richest treasure of my heart—the angel of my life, my dear and devoted child, my Julie, widowed and unprotected.

"Stay!" cried Jaques, "have you forgotten *me?*—will I not remain her protector and friend—her own true-hearted brother?"

"Ah, my good Jaques, you have not that relation by nature, and the world will not allow you to assume it. Were you Julie's *husband* now——".

"I were the happiest man living!" exclaimed Jaques in a quick, fervent tone.

Dulaire turned, and looking with earnestness into the face of his young companion, said—"And so, Jaques, you love my Julie?"

"Oh, uncle, next to the holy mother, I *adore* her! Yet she has never known my love; wild and hopeless as it has ever been."

"Poor Jaques! how much must you have suffered and I never divined it. Ah, there is much before our eyes that we never see. But Julie may yet be yours. Without a doubt, Loraine is long since dead, for he was not a man to forsake a wife, and such a wife. To you, my good Jaques, I could resign my child, and afterwards sink tranquilly to the last sleep. Go, and call her—I will talk with her alone on this subject."

Jaques summoned his cousin, and for the next half hour walked the hall without, in a state of fearful uncertainty. At length, hearing his name softly called, he hesitatingly re-entered the room. His first glance at his uncle's face reassured him; but he saw that his cousin had been weeping, and her voice was tremulous, though her words were calm, as she said—

"My father has related to me his conversation with you. I did not know before that you loved me, Jaques. I must have pained you many times by my lightness, in the days gone by. I know that should Heaven take my father from me, I should be quite unprotected; we should then be alone in the world, cousin. I have never thought of you as a husband, but I have loved you as well as a brother, and I think we could be happy together." Here Jaques caught her hand, and pressed it passionately to his lips. Julie withdrew it hurriedly, saying—"Hear me out, I entreat you, cousin. I cannot be your wife while there is one remaining doubt of my being, in truth, a widow. Should we marry, and should Pierre some day return—oh God, what misery for us all! No, no, ask me not to be yours, till you bring me proof that the cold earth or the colder wave covers him."

Here, clasping her hands, she cried, in a tone of the most touching sorrow—"Oh, Pierre, Pierre, where have they laid you?"—Then flinging herself into her father's arms, she wept with all the wild grief of a first bereavement. Le Brun could but see that the love of Julie for her lost husband had never died, though the form of him who called it forth, had been laid by stranger hands beneath a stranger soil—was wasting on the the air of the wilderness, or mouldering beneath sea-waves, "a thousand fathoms down."

Julie's resolution continued unshaken by the advice of her father, and the entreaties of her lover; and the result was, that, in the course of a week, Jaques set forth on the strangest pilgrimage of modern times—an expedition to discover indubitable proofs of the widowhood of the lady of his love.

Hopes and fears chased each other through his heart, as he kissed the brow of his cousin in parting, and looking into her blue eye, saw there a faint smile struggling with a tear—that beautiful strife which we sometimes mark in the cup of a violet, when the dew would quench the sunshine and the sunshine would drink up the dew.

Our enamored Pilgrim traveled but slowly, in those anti-steam-navigation-times, and it was many weary days before he reached Louisville, the place in which Loraine had last been known to be. It was a sunny May morning when he landed, and strolled through the principal street of that inconsiderable town; and not even the thought of his strange mournful mission could sadden his spirits, in pleasant unison with the joyous season. We may chide him that he is eager to pluck the flower, happiness, though it nod over the grave of his friend; but do we stay to ask whose life was the cost of much that *we* enjoy?

Suddenly Le Brun remarked a stranger coming towards him, whose light, springing step, and long black curls were surely familiar to his eye. But no—this young man wore a foreign dress, and a large moustache.—Nearer he came—and, gracious Heavens! it was no other than the lost Loraine! Jaques became deathly pale, and staggered as though struck by a heavy blow! Hope and joy died within him, and a wild and fearful feeling grappled at his heart. Had quick, stern thoughts been good sharp steel, Loraine had then fallen, pierced by more dagger-points than freed the soul of Cæsar!

But Jaques' nature was too essentially generous and good to cherish such deadly feelings as these; the reaction was sudden and perfect, a moral revolution. His affection for his old friend came back, and with it the bitterest remorse; and when Loraine, on recognizing him sprang toward him with all the frank cordiality of a brother, he shrank from the embrace of the man he had wronged, *murdered* in his thought, and every kind word of the wanderer now tore into his heart like the fragment of a shell! But ere Loraine could remark upon his seeming coldness, another change came over him—he returned that embrace with fervor, and on the breast of his friend, renounced the sweet, vain dream of his love. He was aroused by the wild, hurried inquiries of Pierre—"What of my Julie?—what of her father? tell me, Jaques, for God's sake tell me!"

"They live, and love you still—come, let us lose no time in going to them."

* * * * * *

It was the eve of the first of June, and a fit birth-night was it for that rose-crowned queen of the changing months. The stars were unusually brilliant in honor of the great occasion, and freshness, fragrance and moonlight were abroad.

Let us look a few moments into the quiet home of our heroine: In the pleasant little parlor we find her, with her venerable father who is looking in far better health than a few months since he had hoped ever to enjoy. He is seated in his luxurious arm-chair, with his feet resting on a stool, embroidered by the fair hands of his daughter. He wears a dark dressing gown of brocade, and his thin, white locks are covered by a small cap of black velvet. On a stand at his side, lies a gold snuff-box, with a miniature of "Louis the Martyr," set in the lid. From this he often regales himself, giving always a glance and a sigh to the pictured semblance of decapitated royalty. But to drop this inconvenient present tense. Julie, clad in deep mourning, with a "widow's sombre cap" almost concealing her sunny hair, sat on a low ottoman at his side, reading in a loud clear voice, for her father was quite deaf, the last mournful chapters in the last new novel of "Corinne," that gorgeous and unsurpassed prose epic, into which the soul and life of the grand and passionate De Stœl were fused and poured like lava.

There was a hurried step without—the door opened, and Jaques stood before them! Julie sprang forward with a cry of welcome—but her eye fell on another form. She paused, clasped her hands, and one word broke from her lips—"*Pierre!*" But the heart spoke volumes in that single word, and the next instant she lay in a swoon of joy on the breast of her first and only love—her lost and found!

And it was touching to see old Jean Dulaire; how he rose, and tottering toward the returned wanderer, "fell upon his neck and wept."

And Jaques; with his life-long love, tried, tempted and sanctified, was he not happy, with a happiness greater than theirs?—a holy pleasure, which nothing could take from him—the sweet, calm joy of self-sacrifice, of renunciation.

When the first half-delirious ruptures of meeting were over, all gathered round Pierre to hear the story of his long absence, wanderings and adventures. But first he removed from Julie's head, with his own hand, the widow's cap, and twined in her beautiful hair some half-opened roses, wet with night dew. Then with that dear head leaning on his shoulder—one arm around the slenderest waist in the world, and one hand grasping his father's, he related the "strange eventful history," which we give as near as may be, in his own words:

"It was rather late in the winter when I left Louisville for home, and I was obliged to stop awhile at some small settlements on the way, to transact business. Just as I was about leaving one of these places, with a company of traders, all strangers to me, I observed a keel boat near the shore, containing a number of men, which had become encompassed and blocked in with the ice. I could persuade no one to go with me in a boat to the assistance of the strangers, so I took a long pole in my hand and *walked* to them, on the floating ice, leaping from block to block. I reached the boat in safety, and, found—ah, you will scarcely believe me when I say that I found three of those men to be our young exiled princes, the Duc d' Orleans, Duc de Montpentsier, and the Count de Beaujolais! They had come in this manner, the brave young men, all the way from Pittsburg. But I forget—you must know of their undertaking, for they told me that they stayed one night with you.

"A day or two before I encountered them, their helsman had been taken ill, and given up, and thus they had got into trouble. But I soon got them free of the ice, and brought them safely to the landing. Then it was that his highness, and his highness' noble brothers earnestly entreated me to turn my face from home, and go with them to New Orleans. What could I do? There was my royal master, who in his prosperity had befriended me, and could I forsake him in the hour of his misfortune? Ah, Julie, pardon my once obeying loyality rather than love. I promised my prince, proudly, but sadly, to go with him. But I wrote to you, telling the story of my strange fortune, and gave the letter to the sick boatman, who was returning to Pittsburg."

"I never received that letter!" exclaimed Julie. Ah, then the poor fellow may have died before reaching this place."

"I will not weary you with a detailed account of our hardships, adventures and hair-breadth escapes—for we had enough of all these to preserve us from *ennui*. But one little incident now occurs to me. While descening the Mississippi, we commonly moored our boat at night as you are aware, the navigation of that river is very difficult and dangerous. One night, I was keeping watch, while my companions slumbered around me. I was thinking of you, and involuntary raised my eyes to look for those stars I used to swear by; when I saw, shining through the thick branches of a tree, which overhung our boat, two bright, red lights—not stars, but the fiery eyes of a panther, whose dusky form I could just perceive. He was evidently crouching for a spring—I raised my rifle, and the next moment the creature fell, fell upon one of the sleeping princes, but *dead!*

"We reached New Orleans at length, in fine health and spirits, and the princes took passage that very day for Havana, on an American ship, which was to sail the next morning. At night I went on board, to spend the few last hours with my illustrious friends, who had the cabin entirely to themselves.

"With a few bottles of choice old Burgundy, with songs and legends of *la belle* France, what wonder if time went by unchallenged? It was past midnight when we embraced and parted. I went upon deck, and, *Mon Dieu!* the ship was off for Havana, with all sail spread, and far behind us gleamed the lights of New Orleans! I beat my breast, called upon Heaven and my wife, and swore at the stupid captain; but all in vain—they took me the whole voyage to Havana!

"Well, after seeing my friends sail for Europe, I concluded to return to New Orleans in the same vessel which had brought me out. But again the fates were against me. We had been but about two days at sea, when we were boarded by a French cruiser, and owing to my having about me some books, autographs and a miniature, parting gift from the Duc d' Orleans, I had the honor of being taken possesion of, as an important prize. The rascals believed, or pretended to believe me a Bourbon, one of the princes, and *malgré* my remonstrances, threats and entreaties, they took me all the way to France, and placed me in close confinement.

"It was then some months before I could obtain a trial, and though I was at last honorably acquitted of the grave charge of royal birth, my money was retained, with what I valued more, the last gifts of my prince. I was thus detained until I could earn sufficient to replenish my wardrobe, and pay my homeward passage. I wrote several letters to Julie, and to you my father, but did not send them, from utter hopelessness of their ever reaching you.

"At length, I was able to take ship for Martinique, and from thence to New Orleans; from thence I worked my way up the Mississippi and Ohio—up to—*home*, I had almost said *heaven!* But I am sure you, my father must be wearied by this long recital, feeble as you are. And see, it is almost morning! So while we may let us bid you good night!"

* * * * * *

For many days after the arrival of Loraine, all was mirth and social sunshine in the lately darkened home of his friends. But there was one heart which, though not sad, was ill at rest, troubled with a pain which it could not cast off—the faithful heart of Jaques. This was his secret care—he had contemplated a union with his cousin, while her husband yet lived, and of this innocent treason Pierre was yet ignorant. The sensitive and honorable nature of young Le Brun revolted from the concealment of such a circumstance—he earnestly desired that Loraine should know all, but shrunk from being himself the revealer.

One afternoon, finding Julie standing on the rose-shaded portico which fronted the garden, he entreated her to confide to her husband the plan proposed by her father, and acceded to by herself, with the condition which had led to his own singular pilgrimage.

Julie, the blush of whose second bridehood rivalled the rose in her boddice, grew startlingly pale, but at once undertook the painful duty, and as she perceived her husband reading in an arbour in the garden, immediately sought his side.

Oh, how long seemed the next ten minutes to Le Brun! he dreaded the denouement, yet his suspense was terrible. Loraine was known to possess a fiery and passionate spirit, quick to resent a wrong or an insult. He adored, and might forgive Julie, but for the man who aspired to fill his place in her heart, and by her side, *while he yet lived*, what punishment was to severe; what scorn and hatred too intense? As these forebodings passed through his mind, Jaques leaned against a pillar, and covered his face with his hands. At length he heared Loraine coming hastily up the garden walk—but he did not look around, or lift his head. Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a pleasant voice said laughingly, but most kindly—

"Ah, my dear Le Brun, my poor fellow, I am sorry for you—you lost so charming a wife."

SANTA ANNA.

Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna is a hale looking man, between fifty and sixty, with an Old Baily countenance and a very well-built wooden leg. His countenance completely betrays his character; indeed, I never saw a physiognomy in which the evil passions, which he notoriously possesses, were more strongly marked. Oily dupli city, treachery, avarice and sensuality are depicted in every feature, and his well-known character bears out the truth of the impress his vices have stamped upon his face. In person he is graceful, and not devoid of a certain well-bred bearing, which wins for him golden opinions from the surface-seeing fair sex, to whom he ever pays the most courtly attention. If half the anecdotes are true, which I have heard narrated by his most intimate friends, any office or appointment in his gift can always be obtained on application of a female interceder; and on such an occasion he first saw his present wife, then a girl of fifteen, whom her mother brought to the President, to win the bestowal upon her of a pension for former services, and Santa Anna became so enamored of the artless beauty, that he soon after sighed his gracious intention of honoring her with his august hand, after a vain attempt to secure the young lady in a less honorable manner, which the politic mamma, however, took care to frustrate.—*Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky mountains.*

HEAVENLY DESTITUTION.

"What is your occupation?"
"A horse jocky, sir."
"What was your father's occupation?"
"Trading horses, sir."
"Did your father cheat any one while here?"
"I suppose he did cheat many, sir,"
"Where do you suppose he went to?"
"To heaven, sir."
"And what do you suppose he is doing there?"
"Trading horses, sir."
"Has he cheated any one there?"
"He cheated one I believe, sir."
"Why did they not prosecute him?"
"Because they searched the whole kingdom of heaven, and couldn't find a lawyer!"

ORATORY.—Our papers publish some rich stories of western oratory. The last that is given in the New Orleans Delta, describing a new year's celebration in the parish prison. He says:

"Feller Sojers—This is a glorious day, the first day of January, eighteen hundred and forty-seven—I mean eight. The cloud-cap'd hills of Chimberuzo have now become the home of the American eagle. (Applause) From the stricken field of Pali Alto and Resucker to the drad heights of Sarah Gawdy and Cow Teruras—from the Halls of Montezumas, ours has been one onward march.—(Great Applause.) Folks talk of peace, when there is no peace. Live or die, survive or perish!—three cheers for old Zachariah!"

STOPPING THE PAPER.—Lord Byron, in reference to the attacks made upon his poem, "Hours of Idleness," said, "There is no man, however thick-headed or heartless, would not smart under the knowledge that he was held up in even fifty copies of a newspaper; there is, however, no one but a very thick-skinned fool who would, as the phrase goes, stop a paper because it did not chime in with all his notions, or because it attacked him. Whatever foible I may have, I am not guilty of his miserable foolery."

At a Printers Festival in Washington, the following was a regular toast—"*Woman*—fairest work of creation, seeing that the *edition* is extensive, let no one be without a *copy*."

HOW HE ROSE.

A SHORT AND TRUE SKETCH FOR BOYS.

About forty years ago, somewhere in the woods, near the line between Tennessee and Kentucky, in a log cabin, sixteen feet by eighteen, which was already occupied by a brood of ten or twelve children, was born a youngster—the hero of our sketch. In his infancy he was fed on hog and hommony, bear meat, and the flesh of such "wild varmints" as were caught in the woods. At twelve years of age, he was put out to work with a neighbor as a farm-boy, and drove oxen, hoed corn, raised tobacco in Summer, cured it and prized it in the Winter, till he was seventeen years old, when he took to making brick, to which he added the profession of carpenter; and, by the successive steps in mechanical arts, he became able, by his own unassisted skill, to rear a house from the clay-pit, or from the stump, and complete it in all its parts, and to do it, too, in a manner that none of his competitors could surpass. His panel doors are to this day the wonder and admiration of all the country, in which they continue to swing on their hinges. He never saw the inside of a school-house or church till after he was eighteen years old. By the assistance of an old man in the neighborhood, he learned, during the Winter evenings, to read and write when a farm-boy. Having achieved these valuable acquisitions by the aid of an other, all his other education has been the fruit of his own application and perseverance. At the age of twenty-one, he conceived the idea of fitting himself for the practice of the law. He at first procured and old copy of Blackstone, and having, after the close of his labors, by nightly studies, over a pitch knot fire, in his log cabin, mastered the contents of that compendium of common law, he pursued his researches into other elementary works. And having thus, by diligence, acquired the rudiments of his profession, he met with an old lawyer, who had quit the practice; or whose practice had quit him, with whom he made a bargin for his scanty library, for which he was to pay him $120 in carpenter's work: and the chief part of the job to be done in payment of these old musty books, was dressing and laying down an oak floor or floors, for *three* dollars per square of ten feet. The library paid for our hero dropped the adz, plain, and trowel, and we soon after hear of him as one of the most prominent members of the Mississippi bar, and an able statesman and orator. "I have heard him one day," says one, "make two speeches in succession, of three hours each, to the same audience, and not a movement testified any weariness on the part of a single auditor, and during his delivery the assembly seemed swayed by the orator, as reeds by the wind."

The poor farm-boy is now at Washington, a member of Congress from Mississippi. His name is PATRICK W. TOMPKINS. He is a selfmade man, and his history shows what a humble boy can do, when he determines to try.—*Saturday Rambler.*

MAN TO MAN.—A person by the name of Mann, in his walks, used frequently to meet a gentleman who was known to be disordered in his intellect, but whose conduct had always been inoffensive. It happened that the madman met him on a narrow causeway, and having a large stick in his hand, when he came up to Mr. Mann he made a sudden stop and sternly pronounced, "Who are you sir?" the other, not at all alarmed and willing to soothe his assailent with a pun, replied, "Why sir, I am a double man, Mann by name, and man by nature." "Are you so, sir?" says the insane. "Why, I am a man *beside* myself; and we two will fight you two." Upon which he knocked Mr. Mann into the ditch and deliberately walked off.

IMPORTANT ENTERPRISE.—The St. Louis Republican notices the circulation of a memorial asking Congress for a donation of land to aid in the construction of a Railroad from Lexington, Missouri, to the mouth of the Ohio. This would open to the rest of the Union, a proportion of country as completely shut up as any other section of the United States.

☞ The newspaper is a law book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor; it may stimulate the most indifferent; it may instruct the most profound.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.—A clergyman, holding one of the best Unitarian parishes in Maine, recently offended his parishioners by preaching political abolitionism and against the war. Hearing that his people were dissatisfied he resigned his place, thinking thereby to frighten them into good nature, but much to his surprise his resignation was accepted, and this political parson is now "waiting for a call." He had better enlist under Santa Anna.—*Springfield Post.*

An exchange paper, speaking of Gen. Scott gives this caution:—"Let the Administration beware or they *persecute their victim into the Presidency.*" By accurate computation we find, that just ten men have been *persecuted nigh unto the Presidency* by this administration. When will all the victims be accommodated?

ABSENCE OF MIND.—We saw a venerable looking cow eating pine sawdust under the impression that it was bran. She didn't find out her mistake till night, when it was found that she gave turpentine instead of milk.—*Scientific American.*

"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me, sir, said she, 'I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of mine for you—it has no beginning.'

There is a man in Germantown who is so forgetful of countenances that his wife is obliged to keep a wafer stuck to the end of her nose in order that he may distinguish her from other ladies. Even then he occasionally makes a mistake

Congressional.

In the Senate, Mr. Berrien presented the credentials of Hershell B. Johnson, appointed a Senator of the United States from Georgia, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Colquitt. Mr. Johnson was qualified and took his seat.

The Senate took up for consideration the resolutions submitted by Mr. Dickinson; and the question being on the substitute offered by Mr. Yulee—Mr. Yulee addressed the Senate until one o'clock, when he gave way, and the Senate resumed the consideration of the ten regiment bill.

Mr. Breese addressed the Senate for two hours in defence of the war and of the policy of the administration. He believed the war to be both constitutional in its commencement and wisely conducted by the President. It was forced on us by Mexico. The President determined to prosecute it to a peaceful termination; but it now became necessary to carry it on until proper indemnity had been obtained. He was in favor of its prosecution to the conquest of the whole country.

Mr. Upham obtained the floor and the Senate went into executive session.

In the House, the States were called for the presentation of resolutions. Mr. Thompson, of Pennsylvania, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, that the words of the "amendment" offered and adopted by the House to the resolution of thanks to Major General Taylor, on the 3d day of January, 1848, containg the words, "that the war [namely, with Mexico] was unnecessarily and unconstitutionally begun by the President," is untrue in fact, and calculated to prevent a peace with Mexico on the basis of indemnity, and should cause the same to be expunged from the Journal of the House on the passage of this resolution.

At the suggestion of several friends, Mr. T. modified the resolution so as to read "should be rescinded."

Mr. T. moved the previous question upon the resolution.

Mr. Ashmun. As the resolution asserts what is not the fact—that is to say, it is not true that my amendment was made to the resolution of thanks, *but on the contrary, it was* made to a proposition for amendment, made by the gentleman from Indiana, [Mr. Henley,] for the purpose of bringing the question to the test, he would move to lay the resolution on the table; upon which he demanded the yeas and nays.

Mr. G. S. Houston rose to a point of order, and inquired whether the remark of the gentleman from Massachusetts was either in order or true?

Mr. Ashmun demanded that the point of order be reduced to writing.

Mr. Gayle said that, as the resolution of the 3d of January had not passed the House, it was inconsistant and out of order to move its repeal.

The Speaker said it was not competent, under any parliamentary rule, for the Chair to decide a question of consistency. It might be inconsistent for the house to pass such a resolution, there was good ground for a motion to reject.

The Speaker then announced the question to be on the motion to lay the resolution on the table; upon which motion the yeas and nays were then ordered by the house.

Mr. Burt moved that the House resolve itself into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union; which was disagreed to.

The question recurring upon the motion to lay upon the table—

Mr. McKay said, he understood that the object of the resolution offered by the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Thompson] was to *rescind a proposition* which had been adopted by the House. Mr. McK. was not here at the time; and was proceeding to express his regret at the whole proceeding, and to explain the stage of the resolution to which this objectionable amendment had been applied, when

The Speaker informed the gentleman that the previous question, which had been demanded on this resolution, would preclude all debate.

The yeas and nays were then taken upon the motion to lay upon the table, and resulted—yeas 125, nays 74, as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Abbott, John Q. Adams, Green Adams, Ashmun Barringer, Barrow, Blanchard, Botts, Brady, Buckner, Butler, Canby, Chapman, Clingman, Cocke Collamer, Cooper, Cranston, Crisfield, Crowel, Crozier, Dickey, Dixon, Doniel, Dyer, Daniel Duncan, Garrett Duncan, Dunn, Eckert, Edwards, Embree, Alexander Evans, Nathan Evans, Farrelly, Fisher, Fournoy, Freedley, Fulton, Gaines, Gayle, Gentry, Giddings, Goggin, Gott, Gregory, Grinnell, Hale, Nathan K. Hall, James G. Hampton, Moses Hampton, Haskell, Henry, Elias B. Holmes, John W. Houston, Hubbard, Hudson, Hunt, Joseph R. Ingersoll, Irvin, John W. Jones, Kellogg, Thos. Butler King, Daniel P. King, Wm. T. Lawrence, Lincoln, McIlvaine, Marsh, Marvin, Morehead, Mullin, Nelson, Nes, Newall, Oakley, Palfrey, Pendleton, Preston, Putnam, Reynolds, Julius Rockwell, John A. Rockwell, Root, Ramsey, St. John, Schenck, Shepherd, Sherrill, Silvester, Slingerland, Caleb B. Smith, Truman Smith, Stevens, Andrew Stewart, Strohm, Tallmadge, Thibedeaux, Taylor, Tompkins, John B. Thompson, Toombs, Van Dyke, Vinton, Warren, White, and Wilson—105.

NAYS—Messrs. Bayly, Bedinger, Bingham, Birdsall, Black, Bowlock, Bowdon, Boykin, Boid, Brodhead, William G. Brown, C. Brown, A. G. Brown, Burt, Cathcart, Chase, Clapp, Franklin Clark, B. L. Clark, H. Cobb, Collins, Daniel Dickinson, Edmund Fisher, Foster, Fuller, Gerry, Gilmer, Gordon, Green, Wilhard P. Hall, Hamlin, Harris, Harmanson, Harris, Henley, Hilt, George S. Houston, Inge, Charles J. Ingersoll, Ives, Jackson, Jamieson, Jenkins, James H. Johnson, Robert W. Johnson, George W. Jones, Keenan, Lahm, La Sere, Sidney Lawrence, Leffler, Lord, Lumpkin, McClelland, McDermard, McKay, McLane, Meade, Miller, Morris, Morse, Murphy, Nicoll, Peaslee, Peck, Petrie, Peyton, Phelps, Pillsbury, Ritch, Richardson, Ritchey, Rockhill, Sawyer, Simpson, Sims, Stuart, Strong, Thomas, James Thompson, William Thompson, Thurston, Turner, Venable, Wentworth, Wick, Wilkins, Wiley, and Wilmot—94. So the resolution was laid upon the table.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and took up for consideration the loan bill.

Mr. Dixer spoke in opposition to the further prosecution of the war; and Mr. Sims, of South Carolina, followed in support of the President in relation to the war.

Mr. Crozier obtained the floor, the committee arose and the House adjourned.

Feb. 15.—The Senate convened at the usual hour, and after the transaction of the ordinary business, several memorials and petions were presented.

Among these was one from the citizens of Pennsylvania, for abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia.

The bill returned from the House for increasing the medical staff, was indefinitely postponed. The resolution relative to slavery was then taken up. Mr. Dickinson explained his original reslution. Mr. Yulee concluded the speech he commenced yesterday, favoring, in strong terms, the substitute. The resolution was then laid aside to make way for the special order of the day, the Ten Regiment Bill. Mr. Upham spoke in opposition.

Mr. Rusk next took the floor, when the Senate adjourned.

House.—The House passed a resolution to end the debate on the war Loan Bill to-morrow.

The bill was then taken up, Mr. Nicoll, of [illegible] who de-

ed the taxing of tea and coffee, and chiefly-

ed the Whigs to meet the issue. Adjourned near 7 o'clock.

Feb. 16.—In the Senate a resolution was offered, proposing to appoint ten regiments at large, and referred. A number of private bills were acted upon.

The House resolutions, proposing thanks to Gen. Scott, were then taken up, read a third time, and passed by 46 yeas to 1 nay—Mr. Hale. The resolutions from the House, thanking General Taylor and men, were then taken up, when Mr. Hale moved to strike out the latter part of the resolution, as fulsomely disgusting victories, which he in a previous speech had denounced as dangerous in theory. He could not grant means to prosecute the war.

Mr. Foote, of Mississippi, rebuked Mr. Hale and said he was denouncing Whig doctrines.

Mr. Crittenden denied attacking Mr. Hale's morality or patriotism, but his doctrines, and took occasion to defend the Whig party.

Jefferson Davis declined descending into party strife but felt bound to follow the dictates of patriotism and of duty, and went for passing the vote of thanks, which, on motion, as amended, was carried.

The order of the day—the Ten Regiment Bill was postponed.

The Senate went into executive session, and then adjourned.

Feb. 17.—Soon after the organization of the Senate several memorials and petitions were presented, and a few reports from committees were made, of no great interest, and were duly disposed of.

Mr. Yulee called up his resolution, offered as a substitute for those of Mr. Dickinson. He declared that the original resolutions, were erroneous respecting the toleration of slavery in new territory. Mr. Dickinson said he would reply at a proper time. Mr. Foote declined advocating Mr. Yulee's doctrines. He considered them objectionable to the South and unjust to the North. Mr. Yulee desired to reply, but he was overruled.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the special order of the day, it being the Ten Regiment bill.

Mr. Rusk, of Texas obtained the floor, and proceeded to address the Senate at some length. He favored the bill, and among other things said information would be given at a proper time of the attempted transfer of territory and church property in California to the British, but which was stopped by the interference of American officers. He desired to make the Sierra Madre the boundary line on the east including California on the West. Mr. Green of Rhode Island, next took the floor, when, on motion, the Senate adjourned.

House.—Mr. Palfrey, of Massachusetts, desired to submit a resolution in favor of withdrawing our troops from Mexico.

The House resolved itself into a committee *of the whole on the state of the Union*, Mr. Botts in the Chair, when the special order of the day was taken up, it being the Loan Bill. A great many amendments were proposed. Among others, one by Mr. Collamer, repealing the tariff of 1846, and re-establish that of 1842 in its place, which was rejected, yeas 84; nays 95. A great deal of time was consumed in debating points of order, &c. Mr. McKay submitted a substitute authorizing the issue of 15,000,000 Treasury notes. Objections being made, it was negatived by nays 101: yeas 105. Mr. McKay desired to submit a substitute, issuing 17,000,000 of notes.

Repeated points of order were raised—motions to adjourn—explanations by the Chair, &c.—Considerable disorder arose in the House.

Mr. Vinton moved the previous question, which was carried. The Bill was then read a third time and passed. The House then adjourned.

GENERAL SCOTT AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

The New York Herald thinks that the following extract from a Washington letter, probably contains about as correct a view of the difficulties in the army as any that has yet been published:

"Seriously, every one is disposed to award to General Scott all the merit for military ability to which his operations before Mexico so eminently entitle him; but, in common with other mortals, the general has his errors and infirmities, and much as he should be esteemed for his high professional qualities, he should not, any more than others, except immunity for his faults. Severe and public censure in general orders of an officer of high rank, is seldom inflicted, except under the sentence of a court martial, or in consequence of delinquencies, too notorious and well known to admit of dispute. In the military service of all countries, a censure in general orders in presence of an army, is considered a grave military punishment, and a disgrace; while, on the contrary, an acknowledgement of merit and gallantry in general orders, is esteemed as one of the highest of compliments. There were certain offences committed by some one connected with our army in Mexico, which offences General Scott chose to attribute to two of the General officers who were then serving under him; and whithout making an inquiry, and less than all, without waiting for the opinion of any court on the subject, has in the most summary manner possible, proceeded to punish and disgrace his suspected generals before his army, and in the presence of a delegated foe.

"Pumishment first, and trial afterwards, are terms often used as descriptive of martial law and such proved to be literally the case in one of the instances alluded to above. The punishment of one of the officers was in fact equivalent to his trial; for no sooner was the disgrace of a public censure inflicted, than the punished general was openly and magnanimously exonerated, not only from all participation in, but from all knowledge of the offence imputed to him. This act, for which the general had been punished, was publicly avowed by another; and as he had been thus relieved from the offience, it was certainly not extraordinary, that he should also expect to be relieved from the censure. This was no more than even-handed justice; and as the commander of the forces denied all reparation of this kind, it cannot be deemed improper or disrespectful on the part of the subordinate and injured general, if he seeks redress at the hands of a common superior. This is precisely the situation of affairs between General Scott and General Worth, at the present time. After Gen. Worth had been harshly reprimanded in general orders, and therefore disgraced, Col. Duncan avowed the offence for which the general had been punished, for which avowal Col. Duncan was instantly arrested by Scott. Subsequently, Worth applied to Scott for a mitigation of the censure which *he had received in general orders; this was* denied. Worth then drew up a narrative of the facts of the case, and appealed to the President for redress; this, as he was bound to do, he requested Scott to forward for him and for *doing this he was arrested. It was this ar*rest from which he was relieved by the President; and it is on these allegations of Worth, together with those transmitted by Gen. Pillow, of a similar import, that Scott is now called before a court of inquiry, of which his friend, Gen. Towson, is President; and if in this he is harshly treated, I must confess I am unable to see it. As to his being relieved from his command by Gen. Butler, every one knows that it is a necessary consequence, incident to his being ordered before a military court. Under such circumstances no officer could retain his command; and it devolves upon Gen. Butler, simply because he is the senior officer present—a month ago, by the same rule, it would have devolved upon Gen. Patterson. I have dwelt longer upon these facts *than I should otherwise have done*, because I think there is strong disposition abroad to pervert them, and use them to the prejudice of [illegible] ration. If partizans would state [illegible] truly, they are entitled to all they can make out of it.

Judge Thompson's reply to Wilmot

From the Pittsburgh Morning Post.

In the House of Representatives, on the 7th instant, Mr. Wilmot asked leave to make a personal explanation, in reply to a certain article which appeared in the Washington Union. In defence of Mr. Ritchie, (the venerable and respected Editor of that excelent paper,) it is not necessary for us to say a single word. He is fully competent to defend himself; and he has certainly done so, to the heart's content of Mr. Wilmot. True to his instincts, he could not be satisfied with attacking the Editor of the Union; but was impelled, in his malignity, to travel out of his way, and make a most wanton attack upon the distinguished Secretary of State, the Hon. James Buchanan. But abuse from Mr. Wilmot, under existing circumstances, may be regarded as the *highest compliment to the Secretary.* He nobly done his duty; and if Mr. Wilmot, in his new companionship, should praise a man, we should be strongly tempted to question his democracy. And what sin has Mr. Buchanan committed, that he should merit the unmeasured denunciations that have been heaped upon him by this "wolf in sheep's clothing?"—Do our readers wish to know? We will tell them in a few words. Mr. Buchanan, as a good democrat and honest man, would not lend his countenance to the disorganizing measures of Mr. Wilmot; and hence that individual thought the Secretary of State was a proper subject at whom to shoot his poisoned arrows.

More malignant slanders, more gross and outrageous falsehoods, were never published by a federal paper respecting Mr. Buchanan, than those uttered by Mr. Wilmot, in his recent speech. James Buchanan has ten thousand friends in Pennsylvania, where Mr. Wilmot has one. The one is universally beloved and respected by the people; the other is, now, just as universally despised.

—But, it is not our purpose, at present, to enter into a defence of Mr. Buchanan. That task has already been performed in a better and able manner by a colleague of Mr. Wilmot. As soon as the latter took his seat, the Hon. James Thompson asked leave from the House to make a few remarks in reply, which was granted. We publish below the rejoinder of Mr. Thompson. It is a triumphant vindication of the Secretary of State against the charges and slanders of the representative from the Bradford district:

Mr. Speaker, I am deeply grateful to the House for their consideration to me in suspending the rules, so as to enable me to make a brief reply to my colleague. I consider his remarks a most unfounded and wanton calumny of a highly honorable and distinguished gentleman,—the Hon. James Buchanan. Strict almost always happens, that amidst the general and seemingly universal approval and popularity of distinguished men, there are to be found some envious of the virtue they cannot emulate—who, if unable to elevate themselves to the high standard they envy, are industrious in their efforts to drag down to a level the objects of their malevolence and jealousy. Sir, I regret that we have had an example illustrative of this truth to-day. At this moment, Mr. Buchanan is one of the most popular and esteemed citizens that Pennsylvania possesses. Unsolicited and spontaneously, a vast majority of the people, in their primary meetings and assemblies, have expressed their earnest and anxious preference for him as a candidate for the Presidency of the Union. I will undertake to say, sir, that against the strongest men, competitors for the same preference, Mr. Buchanan will have at least one hundred of the delegates out of the one hundred and thirty-three of which the convention in Pennsylvania will consist, favorable to his nomination as a candidate for the Presidency. This, of itself, would be ample [illegible] of the slanders uttered against him by my colleague. Sir, he is eminently the favorite of Pennsylvania, identified with her democracy, and universally beloved by them.

My colleague charges Mr. B. with interfering in the election of United States Senator in our State, *and with opposing* Judge Woodward, the nominee of the majority of the democratic members of the legislature for that position.

Mr. Wilmot said he did not charge him *with that; but that after the election*, he did not come out and sustain the democracy, as Mr. Dallas and others had done—that he had sheltered himself behind his position as Secretary of State.

Mr. Thompson. Did not Mr. Buchanan reply to the letter addressed to him?

Mr. Wilmot. He did, but what was it like?

Mr. Thompson continued. Sir, Gen. Cameron was elected as a democrat, and has continued in his support of democratic principles as a democrat. And what could Mr. Buchanan do? If the usage of the party had been defeated in the election of Gen. Cameron, still a democrat was elected. Was he to denounce him? Certainly not. If any usages of the party were defeated, the mischief was done; but it had resulted in the election of a democrat, and nothing but its usages—which I always respect—had been defeated. Mr. Buchanan had in his answer to that letter, replied satisfactorily, properly, and justly, as is fully evinced by his undiminished popularity where all the circumstances are fully and well known.

My colleague charges Mr. Buchanan with *cutting off the head* of Judge Woodward, who was nominated by the President as Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.—Sir, this is not true; not true that he interfered to defeat that nomination; not true, sir; I know it is not. Sir, I know it from the best authority.

Mr. Wilmot. The people of Bradford think so.

Mr. Thompson. Sir, they have been misinformed, grossly misinformed. I know that *the suspicion, if entertained*, is unjust. Mr. Buchanan did not interfere to defeat that nomination. I fear not to say so, because I know it was not so.

But my colleague charges Mr. Buchanan with having opposed the last war, and as having been the reviler of Mr. Madison. Sir, I had supposed that stale old slander would have been suffered to sleep, and never again be repeated by any gentleman of character and truth. Opposed the last war! Where was my colleague in the last war!

Mr. Wilmot. I was born in 1814.

Mr. Thompson. Yes, sir, the gentleman was in his cradle at that period, but does not hesitate to calumniate those who were active in the scenes of that period. Mr. Buchanan opposed to the war! Sir, if I recollect aright, he was its earnest supporter in the legislature of his native State; and if he had been wanted for any public or private object, he would have been found in the army a volunteer at sometime—a private soldier at Baltimore. Was this opposition to the war? He was certainly its supporter. A reviler of Mr. Madison! No, sir. I know what that gentleman alludes to.

Mr. Wilmot (in his seat.) That speech.

Mr. Thompson. Yes, that speech, sir, the only thing Mr. Buchanan said in that speech, at Carlisle, against Mr. Madison, was his belief that Mr. Madison was not energetic enough in his war measures—that he would not conduct it with the vigor which ought to characterize it. That, sir, was all; and no man of truth can assert anything else. This was the substance and purport of that speech; and other great men entertained the same opinion. But was this opposition to the war? No, sir, no; it was far otherwise.

My colleague [Mr. Wilmot] charges Mr. Buchanan with instigating Mr. Ritchie to write the article in the Union of which he complaines.

Mr. Wilmot. I did not charge him; I said I suspected him and gave my reasons.

Mr. Thompson. What are your reasons.

Mr. Wilmot. Because it appeared in the Pennsylvanian at the same time.

Mr. Thompson. The reason is a very unsatisfactory one. If he had looked further, he would have found many papers uttering the same sentiment at the same time. Mr. Buchanan had nothing to do with them; he had no controvesy with the gentleman. No, sir, he had none; he had nothing to do with him; nor would he be likely to interfere in anything in regard to him, here or elsewhere. But, sir, this charge rests alone on the suspicion of the gentleman—upon no fact or circumstance whatever; but still the charge was made.

Again: he charges Mr. Buchanan with electioneering in his district—sending documents into it.

Mr. Wilmot. Did you not frank documents "with the respects" of Mr. Buchanan?

Mr. Thompson. I do not know that I did. I franked some copies of the proceedings of the meeting at Philadelphia, as I was told by a friend, who requested me to do so; but Mr. Buchanan never knew from me that I did; and it was for a gentleman totally unconnected with Mr. Buchanan, and I believe it to have been without his knowledge that it was done. What was written on the few franked by me, or whether they went into that district, I am not now able to say. Mr. Buchanan had nothing to do with them, in any shape or form whatever, to my knowledge—so far as the franking was concerned, I am certain. I have franked papers and documents for others, and shall do so again to oblige a friend here or my people at home.

Sir, I desire that this House may be informed and know the selfish and personal motives that actuate the gentlemen in making the charges I have alluded to.

The Speaker here called Mr. Thompson to order, for imputing motives to the gentleman.

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll interposed, and insisted that the Speaker would curtail injuriously the freedom of debate.

Some confusion here ensued; which, after subsiding,

Mr. T. again proceeded. Differences arising about principles, Mr. Speaker I have no objection to. I would not find fault even with severe comment, under such circumstances. But, sir, when personal hostility is the motive for public attacks, it is another thing. Honorable men are not willing to indulge in crimination under such influences. How my colleague can reconcile it to his sense of propriety, to make charges while actuated by such feelings, against a gentleman having no privilge here to reply, I cannot understand. The Honorable feelings of each member here, will answer promptly this enquiry: For my part, sir, I would have felt, that, while actuated by personal resentments, I could never have been induced to make charges. I should have felt that as an honorable man, I should have been bound to silence: for, as in this case, I should have been certain to have been unjust. I am sure, under such an influence, this would have been so. The gentleman speaks of the want of popularity of Mr. Buchanan, at this time in Pennsylvania. So far from this being true, I have great confidence that this gentleman's own district will instruct for Mr. Buchanan for the Presidency. The only county (Susquehanna) in his district that has elected a delegate to the 4th of March Convention, did not instruct against Mr. Buchanan; and, if I am not greatly mistaken, Bradford, the gentleman's own county, will send delegates favorable to him. I see familiar and prominent names in the democratic ranks in that county disapproving of the course of their representative; and I assure the members of this House, that even there, the contest is one of great doubt to the hopes of my colleague, and of great hope to the friends of Mr. Buchanan.

But, sir, in conclusion, let me say again, that no State, no district, or section of the Union, possesses a favorite, however highly esteemed, more cordially admired, or earnestly supported, than is James Buchanan, in [illegible] quarter of a century, he has been identified with the democracy of my native state, as one of its prominent supporters and leaders. Mr. Speaker, he is not only identified with the democracy of the State, and admired as its friend, but his life, as a statesman and diplomatist, furnishes a bright page to the history of his country.—No man possessed in a higher degree than Mr. Buchanan, the confidence and regard of that great man and hero, Gen. Jackson.—No common man could boast as much; and while a life of brilliant services, sanctioned by such confidence, and always approved by the democracy of his own State, is before the country, no storm like the pety whirlwind of this day, will be suffered to affect it. No, sir, it is impotent for evil. [Here a note was handed to Mr. T. after looking at which, Mr. T. remarked,] No, sir, I will not go farther than duty requires me; (tearing the paper, said) I will not remark on the suggestion made, but conclude with again expressing my obligation to the house, for their courtesy on this occasion.

MASSACHUSETTS AND MEXICO.—In one of the Mexican proclamations, says the Boston Times, previous to the fall of their capital, (made up in the Government Palace,) is the following paragraph:

"The Legislature of Massachusetts has resolved deliberately, by a majority, that the present war with Mexico is a war of conquest, abominable in its objects, and unjust and unconstitutional in its character; that is a war against liberty, against humanity, against the Union; against justice, against the constitution, and against the free States, &c."

It then calls on the Mexicans to hold out until the Whigs in the United States get into power, when, it is intimated, they will withdraw our troops. No one can estimate the difficulties which have been thrown in the way of peace by the conduct of the whigs!—But for their course, the war would have been ended a year ago.

RECEIPTS OF CUSTOMS IN TAMPICO.—We have seen a letter from a responsible source in Tampico, stating the receipts of the Customs at that port, since 1st May last, at $291,000. The receipts for the same time at Vera Cruz, we think, must have reached at least $1,000,000, which, considering the unsettled condition of the country and the entire interruption of the communications with the interior, are very favorable indications of what may be realized from this source of revenue when the whole country is under the occupation of our arms. We still hold to our opinion, what by a judicious system of taxation, the whole expenses of the war may be drawn from Mexico, in spite of all the croaking and apprehensions of some of our veteran politicans.—*N. O. Delta.*

ELECTION OF JUDGES.—That sound Democratic paper, the Pittsburgh Morning Post, has the following comments upon the late action of the State Senate upon the proposal to elect Judges by the people:

We ardently hope that this measure may be adopted in our State; for we are among the number of those who believe that no public officers, entrusted directly with the interests of the people, should receive his appointment at any other hands than their own.—We know how well the system works in States where the Judges are elected by the people, and see not why Democratic Pennsylvania should be behind some of her younger sisters in progressive reforms.

☞Mr. Wise holds the following opinion in regard to the war, according to the Snow Hill *Shield*, published in Maryland, opposite Accomac, (Va.)

"He sustains the administration so far in all its measures respecting the war, except that it has not been violent enough, and of course advocates a vigorous prosecution of it for territorial indemnity. He also alluded to the difficulty he had with the President when he was Speaker of the House of Representatives, and acknowledged himself in the wrong. He is *now* identified with the administration party."

THE OBSERVER.

"The World is Governed too Much."

ERIE, PA.

Saturday Morning, February 26, 1848.

☞THOS. H. ELLISON is a duly authorized agent to procure subscribers for this paper.

☞The bill erecting a new county out of parts of Crawford and Warren, has passed the House by a vote of 50 to 15.

☞A Coroner's inquest was held on the body of a man named Redfield, a ship carpenter by trade, who was found dead at the foot of the hill, near Gen. Reed's ship yard, on Monday morning last. He had been drinking the day previous, and is supposed to have perished with cold while in a state of intoxication.

☞Numerous enquiries have been made of us, by the friends of Temperance, for our reasons for not giving the proceedings of a Temperance meeting held during the last Court week, a place in our columns, according to a request of the meeting. To prevent *all misapprehension on the subject*, we will briefly state them. The meeting was held in the fore part of the week, and although our paper does not go to press until Friday, we were not favored by the Secretary with the proceedings. They, therefore, appeared in the other three papers in the city before we were *allowed* to publish them.

The use of the Chloroform.

We refer the reader to the advertisement in another column of Docts. Elliott & Rose. Having our-self experienced the benefits arising from the use of the Chloroform, in producing insensibility to pain in that most painful of operations, the extraction of teeth, and having witnessed its effects upon others, we can cheerfully recommend its use to all similarly afflicted. All that is said of its virtues in the advertisement referred to, may be relied upon in all confidence—we speak what we know!

☞We refer our whig readers to the prospectus in another column of the "Pittsburgh Weekly Commercial Journal." If any of them wish a weekly from that city, they cannot do better than send for the Journal—it's an excellent paper, aside from its politics.

☞Behind—mails, whigs and bustles.—The former is very annoying, the latter amusing. By the by, there is more similarity between these two last commodities than one would readily imagine. One is a useless appendage to the body politic, the other to the body feminine. Both are neither useful nor ornamental—both are the offspring of a vitiated taste in society—and both are discarded by the young as soon as reason assumes her sway.

Temperance Meeting.

A very numerously attended Temperance meeting came off at the Court House on Tuesday evening last. Speeches were made by Messrs. Simpson, Lytle, Whetmore and Reid. A Resolution was adopted to form a new Society, and a committee appointed to draft a Constitution and Bye-Laws. The meeting adjourned to meet on the 30th of [illegible]

Federal Banking.

Whenever a democrat pursues a course calculated to elevate him in the estimation of his friends and the country at large, or evinces talent of a high order, indicative that his opinions and judgment will be consulted on questions of importance in the counsels of the nation, the whole federal kennel, by common consent, is let loose upon him, and the entire litter, "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart," little dogs and all, are seen in fullery at his heels. This is a perfect illustration of the present position of the federalists in relation to our distinguished representative in Congress, Hon. James Thompson. His course in the House this winter has drawn down upon him the united chorus of the whole pack. The United States Gazette and its correspondent, leads off, while the scribblers of lesser note, down even to the half starved pigmy of the Commercial, dodge out and give a bark and a snap at his heels and run. Growl away, gentlemen, its your only comfort.

Very near Right

From a statement in one of the Harrisburg papers we learn that the occupation of the members of the Legislature is as follows:—"Farmers 44, lawyers 16, printers 6, merchants 9, blacksmiths 2, tanner 1, brushmakers 2, tinsmiths 2, surveyors 2, stone mason 1, engineer 1, carpenters 3, teacher 1, doctor 1, carriers 2, watchmaker 1, gentlemen 2, —total 100." The Farming interest in this State is much the largest and most important, hence it is but proper, it should be most numerously represented. All interests should be represented as nearly in the ratio of their importance as possible.

☞The editor of the Gazette advises us to turn our attention to "Dutch, Greek and Hebrew." We thank him kindly for the advise, and had we leisure, would follow it, at least so far as the Greek and Hebrew is concerned to which we would be glad to add the German—but the "Dutch," the vernacular of our contemporary, we desire none of it—like whiggery, it is too much of a mongrel for us.

SMALL POX—We are informed by a gentleman residing at Erie, Pa., that over one hundred and fifty cases of this disease had already occurred in that place.—*Fredonia Ex.*

Some of our "whoys" have been hooxing you; friend Cutler—so far from there having been the number given; it is very doubtful whether there has been five real cases of Small pox for a year. A few cases of varioloid have occurred this winter, but nothing more.

Eclipse in 1848.

There will be seven—four of the sun and two of the moon. March 5th, a partial eclipse of the moon, partially visible. April 3d, eclipse of the sun, invisible. August 28th, another eclipse of the sun, invisible. Sept. 12th, a total eclipse of the moon visible.—Sept. 27th, eclipse of the sun, invisible, and in November a total eclipse of the whig party, —the eclipse visible, but the party afterwards invisible.

☞The Editor of the Conneautville Courier, in his opening address, among other good things, promised his readers "hints on longevity." We now see he has become agent for a tomb-stone manufactory. A palpable "hint," we should say.

DIRECT TAXATION TO SUPPORT THE WAR.

Our whig friends, many of them, who were so loud in advocating a high Tariff a few months since, as the only reasonable, equitable, and cheap method of raising revenue, have of late become desperately enamored of a system of *direct taxation* for the purpose of replenishing the Treasury with means to carry on the war with Mexico. A political judge, who is somewhat ambitious to forsake the wool-sack for the thorny chair of the Chief Magistracy, has pointed to this measure as a means of inducing the people to abandon their patriotic feelings and oppose the farther prosecution of hostilities, and they have blindly fallen in with the proposition. It has often been said of the whig party, that in all their appeals to the people, the "all-mighty dollar" was the argument most relied upon to carry conviction—that they never wished to consummate a party measure, that they did not appeal to the *pockets* instead of the reason and understanding of the people—but we venture the assertion, that if the history of federal whigery, through all its transmutations, was spread out like a map, another more bold and bare-faced attempt than this, of Mr. Chief Justice M'Laine, and his echoists, could not be pointed out. "Let the Administration resort to a system of direct taxation, which shall *cause* the *people* to *feel* the *expenses* of the war," says this political judge, "and I risk nothing in saying" that it "would wind up this Mexican war in sixty days." Is not this a beautiful compliment to the intelligence and moral honesty of the people—a flattering appreciation of their patriotism and devotion to their country's honor? Reason and argument, appeals to their sense of honor and honesty, will not, according to the Judge, convince the people that the war is unconstitutional, "unjust," "God abhorred," and ought not to be further prosecuted. Nothing short of making them "*feel* the expense," by a system of direct taxation will do it. But is the Judge and his friends sure that the measure proposed would have the effect desired? For one we believe that it would not. We have confidence in the high moral integrity and patriotism of the people to believe that they would cheerfully submit to any burthen which factious whigery might see fit to put upon them, rather than countenance any settlement of our difficulties with Mexico that did not secure us ample indemnity for the past and abundant security for the future; even though such indemnity and security should mean [illegible] it has been very wittily interpreted by [illegible] brated whig senator, some half [illegible] the other half as indemnity for the past, and [illegible] security for the future.

But if, as the whigs contend, the war was [illegible] and resources [illegible] concentrated, why raise more money [illegible] a moment? Why [illegible] system of direct taxation, which shall cause the people to *feel* its expenses? Why not refuse at once, as men conscious of doing right ought, more means for its further prosecution? If the war was wrong at its commencement it is doubly wrong now. If it was unconstitutional then it is so still, and no vote of Congress can make it otherwise. Then why not, as honest politicians, at once wash your hands of the whole matter, and place your-selves before the country in your true position, ready to account, indirectly what your majority in one branch of Congress enables you to do directly? If you are conscientious and honest in your opposition to the war—if you are actuated by a pure love of country and hatred of oppression and conquest, and if you believe the war is waged for the objects and ends charged, why distrust the people's intelligence by seeking to reach their understanding through a *direct tax* upon their purses, instead of manly appeal to their reason and duty.

For one we see no necessity at present, other than that boldly and shamelessly preached in the letter referred to—a reason unworthy a statesman of the least pretension—for a resort to direct taxation to carry on the war. If, however, the factious opposition of whigery should prolong the contest until such a measure shall become necessary, we will be found among the first to advocate it. We shall not advocate it, however, for the purpose of bringing it to a close in "sixty days," but for the purpose of prosecuting it until justice, full, ample, and sufficient, has been done our country by the infatuated and deluded Mexican nation.

The whigs, however, as advocates of the protective system, should be the last to countenance a direct tax for any purpose, not even if it "would wind up this Mexican war in sixty days," lest, like an over-charged gun in the hands of an inexperienced sportsman, it should kick their favorite system over. No argument can be adduced in favor of a direct tax to support one of the functions of government *that does not apply* with equal force to all.—If we lay a tax to carry on a war, the same arguments that induces us to do so will equally induce us to continue it to pay the other expenses of government—and then farewell to the protection afforded, even by a revenue tariff! These are grave considerations which we warn the whigs to carefully investigate, lest they do not wake up at some future Presidential campaign, and find their darling system of protection among the things that were. The country is becoming riper and riper for the introduction of free trade, and the factious agitation now of direct taxation, by the whigs, will have a great tendency to hasten its consummation.

☞Our friend of the Toledo Blade need not take himself the least unhappy on our account—the politics of that sheet suit us exactly. Were they other than they are, it would not be, as now, a *dull blade*, whereas a sharp one might cut our fingers!

The Lady's Book.

The March number of Godey's ever welcome Magazine has been received. The letter press is excellent, and the embellishments are superb. As a specimen of the latter we have transferred to our outside columns a spirited sketch, "Love and Loyalty," by that charming writer, "Grace Greenwood." The embellishments are seventeen in number, embracing both the ornamental and useful.

☞The Sultan of Turkey has sent to Professor Morse, a decoration in diamonds of a Turkish order of honor, such as is given to Pachas of two tails, as a reward for a view of his telegraph.

☞The Boston Chronotype speaks of Gen. Taylor as one of "the most skilful of the hired national assassins." Shame! Shame!

Constitution of Wisconsin.

The Convention to form a state constitution for this territory, preparatory to its admission into the Union, has just adjourned, after a session of eight weeks, having completed a constitution for submission to the people on the second Monday in March. Every member present, 64, except one—the member from St. Croix, whose objections were only a matter of boundary—signed the instrument. The constitution, from a published sketch, says the Albany Argus, is, in its main features, almost identical with that of New York. The single district system, both for members of the House and for Senators, the latter holding for two years and the former for one—an elective judiciary in all its branches; organized on the Nisi Prius system, with a tenure of office of six years—are among the features in which it corresponds with that of New York, and with the progressive spirit of the age. There are also embodied in the new constitution restrictions on the creation of state debt, a liberal appropriation of funds, chiefly in public lands, for popular education, and an extended and liberal suffrage—six months' residence, after a declaration of intention to become a citizen, being all that is required as a qualification of a voter. Internal improvements are to be prosecuted under acts of incorporation, but can derive no aid from the state treasury—banking is to be permitted under the sanction of a popular vote, and not otherwise—and the public printing of all kinds is to be done by contract.

These are the leading features of the new constitution, which we predict will be sanctioned largely by the people of the territory. In that event Wisconsin comes into the confederacy of the states, with all the experience of the older members to guide her destinies, with a constitution admirably fitted to ensure a high career of prosperity and honor, and with resources calculated to give her an exalted position among the powerful sovereignties of the West.

An Unnecessary Movement.

The Pittsburgh Post says that a project is now before Congress for ceding to the State of Maryland that portion of the District of Columbia which remains of the [illegible] ceded to the general government. As the [illegible] portion which formed [illegible] belonged to Virginia previous to its cession to the general government, we can see no impropriety in adopting this course. The inhabitants of that territory have been long enough [illegible] under the constitution of the United States of Maryland, they would enjoy those rights and immunities, of which they have so long been deprived. The General Government could exercise jurisdiction over all that portion occupied by the public buildings, the arsenal and the Navy yard, on a very considerable reduction of the present [illegible]. Another good result from the act—the prevention of a great waste of public money in the time occupied by Congress in the passing of petitions for the division of the city in the District of Columbia. We hope the retrocession may take place.

☞Many fine descriptions have been given of Henry Clay, but never have we seen one more complete than the following from Western New York. He is a Mason, and a member of [illegible] Nature made him *all his descendants* up.—*Gen. Mc.*

It is pretty evident from that whom nature makes a President, she does so and [illegible] selects a fool down. The same [illegible] may also account for the total dearth of taste in visiting and [illegible] from Mr. Clinton's female "Social Circle" who have been exhibiting themselves in Washington, *sans chemise*. This, however, we leave in the hands of the physiologists.

☞The recent "Barnburner" Convention at Utica, N. Y., appears to have given great satisfaction to "the hail and comfort" to the Gen. Nothing less than this was to be expected from faction and federalism always go hand in hand!

☞Col. G. W. Morgan, of Ohio, has recently received the appointment of Brigadier General in the army, and was to leave for Mexico on the 3d inst. No one better deserved promotion than this gallant officer.

☞The Washington Whig, the Tyler organ at the seat of government, says that General Scott wrote home, some time ago, applying for leave to return, and stated that the superintendence of the occupation of Mexico would be repugnant to his habits and feelings.

GEN. CASS.—The following from a member of the Detroit

ture as a unit, still it embraced all of the Natural sciences. It is necessary that we know the constituent elements of the plants which have grown or are to be produced on the soils. In this connection he spoke of the constitution of vegetables. It is necessary to know the component parts of the atmosphere because large proportions of plants are derived from it. Nitrogen seems to be a kind of gas-holder for the oxygen, carbonic acid, &c., which are required in vegetation. It is necessary also to know the constitution of the soil. He explained the uses of the several parts as discovered from the analysis of vegetables traced the proportions between the calcareous, siliceous and earthy materials, and the proportions of the silica, lime, potash, soda, &c., in different plants and in the different parts of the same plant at one time, and the same proportion at different stages of their growth.

In the practical application of the scientific facts and principles developed in connection with this imperfect analysis, the lecturer applied the truths of agricultural chemistry to determining the adaptation of the soil, climate and manures to the production of the several plants. Some substances which are used as fertilizers, are mere assimilators, lime is an example.

With a classic allusion to the history of agriculture and a prophetic view of the future especially in its connection with electricity, the lecturer closed, leaving in the minds of his auditors a rich and varied fund of information about the ordinary but mysterious operations and constitution of nature in the field of the agriculturalist.

Several reports were made by several members of the Club and the Society organized. W.

There are 1755 papers and periodicals printed in the United States, and but 1471 for the rest of the world—only 335 more for the latter than for ever 800 cities, of Asia & Africa.

MORE PEACE RUMORS!

New York, Feb. 22—7 P. M.

The Express this evening has the following:—"We no longer doubt that the treaty has been received by President Polk and Gen. Scott, and that it has been the subject of the cabinet and Hammond consultation. President Polk and his confidential advisers have determined to submit it to the Senate, and that it may be ratified there to-morrow, unless J. Q. Adams should in the meantime, have got the start of them.

An express reached here from Philadelphia this morning, bringing the news that Mr. Adams is dead.

Capt. Zadock Pratt, of the Brig R. D. Zadock, arrived at this port from San Juan, Central America, on Saturday. He brings advices from that country to the 15th inst. [See letter from Capt. Pratt.]

A letter received here from the R. D. Zadock, Capt. Pratt, from San Juan, says that the Castle of San Juan was taken by the Americans on the 11th inst. after a bombardment of 48 hours. The Castle was considered impregnable. The Americans had 3 men killed and 13 wounded. The Castle mounted 60 guns, and had a garrison of 500 men. Capt. Pratt is the bearer of dispatches from the Government to the United States Consul, announcing the capture.

A letter received here from Chagres announces the death of May Edward Webster, son of the Hon. D. Webster. A train which left Vera Cruz on the 26th of January, was attacked by a band of robbers, the vicinity of Jalapa, the rascals were routed with the loss of their chief and 14 of their men killed. The troops under Col. M'Clintock had been at Vera Cruz guarding the Mexican Specie, which was to be shipped in 15 or 20 days after the date of the letter.

The editors of the Sentinel state that five guerrillas were hung at that place on the 10th inst., the murder of three discharged Mississippi soldiers.

RYE MARKET

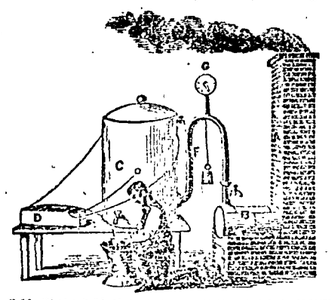
CASH AND BARTER FOR THE OBSERVER BY

WILLIAM WRIGHT,

DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE &c. &c.

[illegible]	$55 25	Apple Sc[illegible]	$8 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	Peaches, [illegible]	10 12½
[illegible]	[illegible]	Cherries, do	12½
[illegible]	[illegible]	Plums, do	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Maple Sugar,	12
Shoulders	[illegible]	Tallow,	5
[illegible]	[illegible]	Beeswax,	25
[illegible]	[illegible]	Lard,	12½
[illegible]	[illegible]	Pork,	[illegible]
Wheat	$1 00	Salts,	$1 75 @ 2 25
Corn,	[illegible]	Black Wheat,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Red Clover,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Timothy,	[illegible]
Rye,	[illegible]	Flax Seed,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Whiskey,	[illegible]
[illegible]	$5 00	Cherry,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Apple,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Peach,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Cider,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Vinegar,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Feathers,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Hides,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Calf Skins,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Sheep Pelts,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Deer Skins,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Beeswax,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Tallow,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Lard,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Pork,	$7 50
[illegible]	[illegible]	Beef,	6
[illegible]	[illegible]	Ham,	5
[illegible]	[illegible]	Shoulders,	5 6
[illegible]	[illegible]	Dried Beef,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Dried Apples,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Peaches,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Cherries,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Plums,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Maple Sugar,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Tallow,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Beeswax,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Lard,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Pork,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Beef,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Ham,	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Shoulders,	[illegible]

Greatest Discovery of the Age.



DR. TARRANT'S RACAHOUT DES ARABS,

OR, ARABIAN FOOD.

THIS is the most successful remedy ever discovered for the CURE of CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and all diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Consumption. Thousands who have used it in the last stages of the disease, and who had been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Whooping Cough. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Asthma. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Bronchitis. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Croup. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Hoarseness. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Influenza. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Chest. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Side. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Back. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Limbs. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Joints. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Head. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Face. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Eyes. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Ears. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Nose. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Mouth. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Teeth. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Gums. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Throat. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Stomach. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Bowels. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Kidneys. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Bladder. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Liver. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Spleen. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Heart. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Lungs. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Kidneys. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Bladder. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Liver. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Spleen. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Heart. It is the only remedy that has ever been discovered that will cure Pain in the Lungs.

DR. TARRANT'S RACAHOUT DES ARABS, OR ARABIAN FOOD.

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1847.

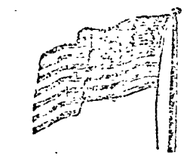
Dear Sir—I have been afflicted with a severe cough for the last two years, which has reduced me very low. I have been under the care of two physicians, but they could do me no good. I have used your Racahout des Arabs, and it has entirely cured me. I am now in perfect health. I have recommended it to many of my friends, and they have found it to be a most excellent remedy for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. I am now in my 21st year, and I am willing to make this statement to any person who may call on me.

Yours, respectfully, JOHN H. SEAL.

Sold by the following agents: Buffalo, Seal & Co.; Erie, Spafford & Co.; Cleveland, Hanford & Co.; Ashtabula, Hubbard & Co.; Painesville, Hubbard & Co.; Fairport, Hubbard & Co.; Geneva, Hubbard & Co.; Rochester, Hubbard & Co.; Canandaigua, Hubbard & Co.; Auburn, Hubbard & Co.; Syracuse, Hubbard & Co.; Utica, Hubbard & Co.; Albany, Hubbard & Co.; Troy, Hubbard & Co.; Schenectady, Hubbard & Co.; Saratoga, Hubbard & Co.; Whitehall, Hubbard & Co.; Burlington, Hubbard & Co.; Montpelier, Hubbard & Co.; Boston, Hubbard & Co.; Providence, Hubbard & Co.; Hartford, Hubbard & Co.; New Haven, Hubbard & Co.; New York, Hubbard & Co.; Philadelphia, Hubbard & Co.; Baltimore, Hubbard & Co.; Washington, Hubbard & Co.; Pittsburgh, Hubbard & Co.; Wheeling, Hubbard & Co.; Cincinnati, Hubbard & Co.; Louisville, Hubbard & Co.; St. Louis, Hubbard & Co.; Chicago, Hubbard & Co.; Detroit, Hubbard & Co.; Mackinaw, Hubbard & Co.; Galena, Hubbard & Co.; Milwaukie, Hubbard & Co.; Green Bay, Hubbard & Co.; Prairie du Chien, Hubbard & Co.; Dubuque, Hubbard & Co.; Fort Madison, Hubbard & Co.; Burlington, Hubbard & Co.; Keokuk, Hubbard & Co.; Nauvoo, Hubbard & Co.; Quincy, Hubbard & Co.; Alton, Hubbard & Co.; Peoria, Hubbard & Co.; Chicago, Hubbard & Co.; Detroit, Hubbard & Co.; Mackinaw, Hubbard & Co.; Galena, Hubbard & Co.; Milwaukie, Hubbard & Co.; Green Bay, Hubbard & Co.; Prairie du Chien, Hubbard & Co.; Dubuque, Hubbard & Co.; Fort Madison, Hubbard & Co.; Burlington, Hubbard & Co.; Keokuk, Hubbard & Co.; Nauvoo, Hubbard & Co.; Quincy, Hubbard & Co.; Alton, Hubbard & Co.; Peoria, Hubbard & Co.

Price $1 per bottle.

OUR FLAG IS THERE!



Red Dress Goods

ARE HERE!

VICTORY! VICTORY!!

HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!!!

The new Jew Store again Ahead!

JUST received at the Jew Store, No. 1, Fleming Block, a splendid and well-selected assortment of FALL & WINTER GOODS! consisting in part of

BROADCLOTHS.—French, English and American black, blue, brown, gray and other mixed Broadcloths, cheap as ever.

ALSO—Cassimeres and Vestings, plain and fancy, both as to color and price.

GROCERIES.—A general assortment of choice Groceries, which we will sell low.

CROCKERY.—A splendid assortment of crockery at prices that cannot fail to please.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—Without boasting we can truly say we are the cheapest and best assortment of shoes and boots ever offered in this city. Ladies, Gentlemen and Misses will be brought to our counters.

CAPS.—Men and Boys caps, in fact call and examine for yourself and head commander.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.—Here we are at home. We have as many delaines as those that remove, and as many styles, patterns and figures and Alpaccas as any plaids and stripes and Tartans to be seen, we have every thing good, desirable and fashionable, but what is the use of enumerating, we have every thing to make the finest or coarsest dress and nothing especially exciting.

SILKS—Striped and Plaid Pearl de Soie,
White grode Swiss,
Black watered & satin stripe pearl de soie,
Black and blue black, grode Naples,
Black grode Rhine,

SHAWLS—In all prices, shades and quality from the finest cashmere to the first silk and Cashmere,

GLOVES—In all kinds, colors and sizes.

In fact every article in Dry Goods Line suited to the season and market.

Ready Made Clothing.

Our ready made clothing is large and special, and wants a call to up. We do not wish to boast, but we think we can convince any one by calling and we will do a good article on a smaller sum than any other establishment in town. A any one is the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Then do TRY US!

☞ Mind the name and number,

ISAAC W. CRAIN & Co.

Erie, Sept. 21 1847. 19

New Fall and Winter Goods.

I AM now receiving from New York a great variety of rich and desirable goods on Fall and Winter trade. Among other desirables now opening are

Superior Thibet Cloths, dark and black; French printed Cassimeres, beautiful patterns and very cheap.

100 pieces black, drab mode, plain and striped Alpaccas, some finer than ever before offered—some as low as 22 cents per yard.

Shawls a great variety of new styles; Prints, Ginghams, Mode Lanes, and other new styles of Dress Goods in any quantities, twenty five per cent. cheaper than ever before offered in this city.

All of which my customers and the public are respectfully invited to examine

C. M. TIBBALS.

October 9, 1847

COFFEE Tea, Sugar, together with a general assortment of other articles for sale by

Nov 6 GEO. SELDEN & SON.

MARKING INK.—Cook's, Payson's and Eden's Indelible Inks, for marking linen, &c., for sale by.

Nov 20 BURTON & PERKINS.

LUMBER WANTED.

A Quantity of 3, 3 1-2 and 4 inch White Wood Boards also, Chair and Bellows Planks, for which the highest market price will be paid.

Dec. 11. GEO. SELDEN & SON.

ALPACA Silk and cotton warp, from two to eight shillings per yard, Black, Brown, drab, plaid, plain and satin striped, for sale by

Sept. 25. S. JACKSON

GLASS AND PRINTS, in great variety, for sale by LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER

Nov. 13, 1847. 26

CARPETING.—1000 yards parlor, hall and stair carpeting, at prices varying from 2 and 6 pence to 3 shillings per yard. Also, Floor Oil cloths, at the usual low rates of

MOSES KOCH,

No. 2 Commercial Exchange, French st.

Oct. 30, 1847. 21

SHAWLS—A large assortment of Cashmere and Wool Shawls, for sale cheap by

Nov 6 GEO. SELDEN & SON.

KEGS, No. 3, Beech block, state agent.

Jan. 1. H. COOK

Attention! Jews and Gentiles,

Israelites, Ishmaelites, Hebrews and Egyptians, Sons of Aaron and Daughters of Mariam, receive instruction and be wise.—Hear and know that

MOSES, THE JEW,

Has returned from the EAST, laden with the choicest treasures of that ancient region, and invites your attention to the same at the entire OLD Jew Store, the one that has claimed the reputation of selling goods lower than any other house in Erie, and thereby established a credit for Jewery that has induced others to enter under the same name where they hope to reap a profit which properly belongs to him. Now Moses wishes it to be understood that he is not a Wandering Jew, here this year and away the next—a class that will sell to one person at cost and many others at double price, but that he is a regular descendant of Faithful Abraham, and has pitched his tent in Erie with the intention of remaining in it, and intends to do business as heretofore in such a manner as to give entire satisfaction to all reasonable persons that favor him with their custom, keep all his old friends and make new ones of all that once purchase goods from him. That the old Jew Store of Moses Koch does sell more Goods and at lower prices than any other store in Erie, is plain to be seen by the course of others, who finding their customers daily deserting them, resort to misrepresentation and abuse of the JEW STORE, which they well know has been because of their loss of customers and against which they direct all their forces, thinking no doubt that if *this* store was out of the way, they could get what they call the good old prices, fifty to one hundred per cent.—but they need to get before the JEW STORE can be moved by such as these, for the JEW STORE is on